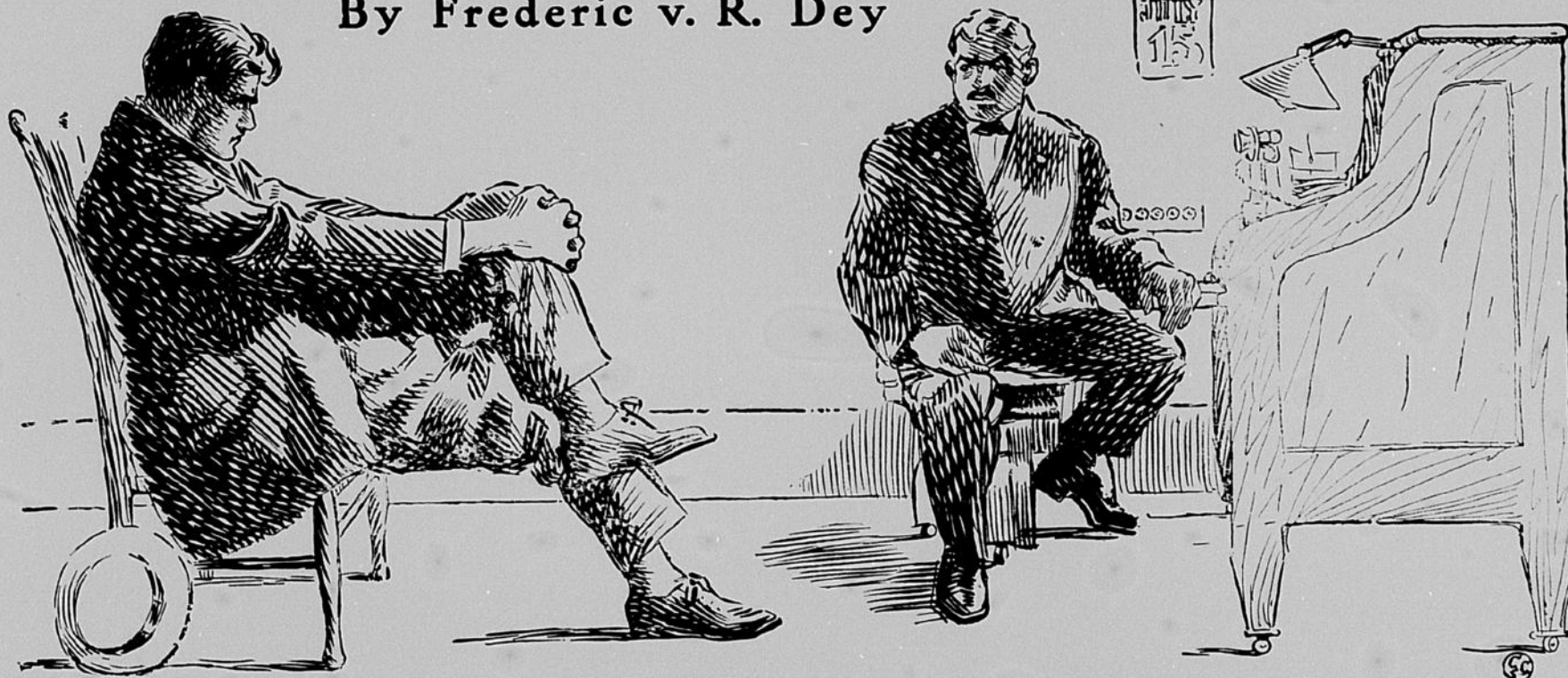


The Bigelow Murder Mystery

The Third of a Series of "Real Detective" Stories

By Frederic v. R. Dey



"This isn't the first time your brother Alfred disappeared," began the Chief abruptly, turning to Bigelow.

"It looks to me like a case of jumping into the river," said McNaughton, accepting the cigar proffered him by the chief, and lighting it with studied care. "At all events the man has disappeared; utterly, it would seem. His family has been prosecuting a quiet search, since he vanished. Of course nothing has been accomplished; nothing ever is accomplished by one's family, and by private detectives, in such a case. It makes me tired, chief! They wait until the trail is cold before they apply to the police, and then if we don't explain the mystery within a few hours, they roast us—or they talk to reporters so that the newspapers do it for them; it is the same thing in the long run."

The chief grunted an acquiescence to this statement. He did not pay very close attention to the inspector's remarks.

"Bigelow!" he said, half to himself. "Alfred Bigelow, you say, Mac? The name recalls something to my mind that is almost totally forgotten. Several years ago, wasn't it? That was a mysterious disappearance, also, if my memory serves me. Sure; I remember, now. It was when I held your position, and you were my right bower. What was that case, Mac? Do you recall it?"

"Yes. It suggested something to me just as it has done to you. It was this same fellow who disappeared at that time. I looked up the record, and it all came back to me."

The chief nodded.

"I remember, now," he said. "There were two brothers, weren't there? The elder one disappeared, and after about a week, the other one came to the Bureau? Get the record book, Mac."

"That isn't necessary, chief. I have just read over all that the record contains; precious little it is, too. Shall I outline it to you?"

"Yes."

The chief leaned back in his chair, resting one leg across the slide of his desk; he supported his chin on the open palm of his right hand and listened attentively while McNaughton told, in his driest professional tone, the contents of the record book as it referred to this particular branch of the Bigelow family.

"Henry Bigelow died, ten years ago, worth several millions. He was a widower with two sons, Alfred and George. He left all his property to the elder one—Alfred. There was three and a half years' difference in their ages. George Bigelow was to receive an annuity of ten thousand dollars, but the will was worded in such a manner that the payment of the annuity was left almost at the whim of Alfred. George Bigelow was about to take the will into the courts, to try to break it, when the whole affair was settled—amicably, it was authoritatively announced. Three years later Alfred Bigelow came up missing; he disappeared, and—"

"He seems to be getting the disappearing habit, Mac."

"That was seven years ago, chief. He had been gone a week when George Bigelow came to the bureau about it. I don't think you saw him at

all, chief. I talked with him. I remember that I didn't think very much of the case at the time. Savarin was a new man with us, then, and I assigned him to the job. He was four or five days locating his man; found him at the East River hotel, where he had taken a room, and where he had been staying all the time."

"Trying to drink up all the whisky in New York, wasn't he? or something of that sort? I remember the case. The natural presumption would be, now, that he has gone off again on the same sort of a racket. Skip that other business, Mac, and tell me about the present case."

"A week ago yesterday morning—Sunday—Alfred Bigelow drove away from his home in an automobile, bound for his country place in Connecticut. He was accompanied by his valet; his chauffeur drove the car. At Stamford, the valet left the car and returned to New York by train to execute some commissions for his employer. I am telling the story as I got it from George Bigelow, an hour ago."

"Yes. I understand. Go on."

"The country place for which Alfred Bigelow was bound is somewhere in the vicinity of New Canaan. At Winepauk, the chauffeur also left the car, by the direction of his employer. He was told to make some purchases at South Norwalk, and to take the train from there to New Canaan, an hour or two later. Mr. Bigelow continued on his way, alone in the car. He has not been seen and not a blessed thing has been heard about him since that moment—since the moment when he parted with his chauffeur at Winepauk."

"What became of the car?"

"It went with Bigelow, or he went with it; the same thing."

"Do you mean that the car has not been found, either?"

"Not a trace of it."

"Huh! Well; go on. Tell me all you know."

"That is all I do know, chief. The valet returned to New York, from Stamford, executed his errands, took train for New Canaan, arrived at the country place in due time, found the chauffeur already there, and the two of them waited until the next morning before they communicated with George Bigelow, the brother. George Bigelow started at once in his own car, so he tells me. He began his inquiries at Winepauk, and has made a house to house search through all that neighborhood. But from the moment when the chauffeur got down from Alfred Bigelow's car, in Winepauk, until the present time, not a trace of the missing man, or of his automobile, has been discovered."

"The case isn't in our jurisdiction anyhow, Mac," said the chief. "Bigelow disappeared in Connecticut. It's a matter for that new institution of theirs; they call it the state police, I believe. However, perhaps we had better take hold of it. The man may have, and probably has, returned to New York—provided this is a case like the other one."

"George Bigelow offers ten thousand dollars re-

ward. I thought—"

"Hold on a minute, Mac. That's a bit odd, isn't it? I understood you to say that George Bigelow inherited no part of the estate; that he possesses only an annuity, of the same amount he now offers in bulk; eh? Where is he to get the money to pay, if the reward is earned? Did you ask him that question, Mac?"

"No. I suppose he relies upon his brother to pay, in case the reward is earned; and of course, if the man is dead—"

"George Bigelow would inherit. Sure. Savarin had the other case, you say?"

"Yes."

"Send him up. I'd like to talk with Bigelow, too. Where is he?"

"He's waiting. I thought you'd like to see him."

"After I have talked with Savarin—yes."

The inspector opened the door to admit Savarin, who had been waiting in the corridor.

"Tell me all you know about the first Bigelow case," said the chief, bluntly, as Savarin saluted.

"It was the first assignment I had in this department, sir," replied the detective. "Alfred Bigelow had been gone a week when I took the case. He had descended the steps in front of his house, at 7 in the evening, and disappeared. It was five days more before I found him—at the East River hotel. There were half a dozen empty bottles in the room with him. The bartender told me he had gotten away with two cases of the stuff while he was there. That was going some."

"How did you get trace of the man?"

"Through my talks with the brother. He told me that Alfred was a periodical, but that he usually stayed at home, in his own rooms, when he had his sprees. Used to deny himself to everybody except the servants and his brother, George; he'd get away with a case or two of booze before he had sufficient. I was told. Well, I took that for a starter, and went the rounds. There wasn't any clue to work on, so I followed the case by main strength; until I nailed him, finally. That's all there was of it, chief."

"Do the brothers resemble each other?"

"Very much; only Alfred looks much older than George, as I remember them. Of course he wasn't in any condition to size him up very closely, when I found him. The stuff he had drank, and all that, had made him haggard and pale, naturally."

"Do you mean that the man had kept close to his room all that time? That he hadn't gone out of the hotel at all?" asked the chief.

"Oh, no; he had been in and out all the time; but never very far from the bar room when he was out of his own room, they thought."

"How did George Bigelow impress you—at that time?"

"I don't remember very much about that part of it, chief; only that he was convinced—without reason, I thought—that his brother had met with foul play."

"What reason did he assign for that belief?"

LITERARY MAGAZINE

"Revenge. Alfred Bigelow owns a large interest in a hat factory, somewhere in Connecticut. It was the brother's idea that he had got some of the workmen down on him—and all that. I didn't take any stock in that view of the case, and events proved that I was right. When I did find Alfred, I wired the brother at once, and—"

"Wired him? Where was he?"

"He had gone to Boston, on his own hook, to inquire among their friends in that city. He thought Alfred might have gone there."

"Were you present when the brothers met?"

"No. When I found Alfred, I took him home. I didn't see either of them again till a week later. In fact, I have never seen Alfred since I took him to his home from the East River hotel. But I saw George; I think it was the third day after that. He asked me to call on him; wrote me a letter, you know, and I went to the house. He made me a present of a hundred dollars. I stated the fact in my report."

"You did not see Alfred at that time?"

"No; he was in the house, but I didn't see him."

"Do they live together in the same house?"

"Yes, sir. They are bachelors; both of them."

"All right, Savarin. I think you had better run out to Winepauk and see what you can do at that end of the case. Probably not much. The trail is a trifle old. If you decide that he returned to New York, let me know at once. You may go, now Mac, what have you done about the automobile? There should be no difficulty in tracing that car."

"I've got two men on it, already. We have a good description of it. It had two license numbers. We won't be long in nailing that part of the mystery—if there is a mystery at all."

"No; probably not. You said something about a case of jumping into the river. What did you mean by that?"

"George Bigelow is of the opinion that his brother has done away with himself. I was only voicing this idea."

"Oh, yes. Bring in George Bigelow. Leave him here alone with me for a time. As soon as he goes awa' return to me."

GEORGE Bigelow was one of those men for whom any general description would suffice. He was neither tall, nor short; fat nor lean. His eyes were a faded blue; his brows were shaggy and red. His hair was sandy brown, but grey over the temples. His face was smooth shaven; his dress faultless. His manner when he entered the presence of the chief was one of rather forced assurance.

"This isn't the first time your brother Alfred has disappeared," began the chief, abruptly. He did not ask Bigelow to be seated, but the man dropped upon a chair, nevertheless, and slid himself down into it until the weight of his body rested upon his spine.

"No; it is the third time," he replied. "One of your men found him for me the last time; I found him myself the first time. I am afraid he won't be found at all this time."

"Why?"

"He has been drinking harder than usual of late. He had fits of despondency, during which he threatened to kill himself. I can't get it out of my head that he has done that very thing."

"And taken the automobile with him—wherever he went—eh?"

"Oh, well, of course, the automobile will soon be found, somewhere. That goes without saying, doesn't it? I have made a desperate effort to get trace of it; but I haven't succeeded."

"How is it," the chief asked, quietly, "that when your brother disappeared the last time you thought he had met with foul play, while this time you are equally positive that he has killed himself?"

"Oh, I don't know. It's my idea, that's all."

"Were you and your brother on good terms?"

"We tolerated each other. There wasn't any love lost between us. Don't run away with the idea that I shall wear mourning for him, indefinitely, chief, because I shan't. If he is alive, I want him found. If he is dead, I want to know it."

"You're a nice, affectionate brother, aren't you? The inspector tells me that you offer ten thousand dollars reward. That is rather an excessive amount, isn't it? And will you tell me how you are going to pay it, if it is earned?"

George Bigelow coolly took a cigar from one of his pockets and lighted it before he replied. There was a certain air of studied insolence about the act and his manner of consummating it, which might have been the consequence of any one of several different incentives. But the chief was accustomed to reading men accurately, and quickly. There was never a slightest move, an expression or a characteristic gesture that escaped him; and he had a method of applying one to another, and fitting them together as one would do with a jigsaw puzzle, which rarely led him astray, and which nearly always supplied a revelation—or the beginning of one. This case came to the chief just as all cases came to him; without previous ideas concerning them. He applied to each one the purely practical methods of his office and his profession. He despised all suggestion of theory,

and relied only upon fact: Fact, and the machinery of his department to supply it.

"I shall pay the reward, when it is earned, with money, of course," was the half surly reply. "I suppose you are referring now to the known fact that my annuity from the old man's estate amounts to the same sum I have offered as a reward."

"Naturally," replied the chief, half smiling and



The discovery beneath the floor of the old building.

permitting his lids to droop so that the full expression of his eyes could not be seen. "This case of your brother does not come directly in the criminal class—unless it is your idea that he has somehow met with foul play out there along the Connecticut roads; and then it would be a case for the Nutmeg officials to deal with. It wouldn't be under my jurisdiction at all. So, if I do take it up—if I should so far transcend my prerogatives as to assign one of my men to search for your missing brother, it is reasonable that I should know where the money is coming from to pay the reward you offer."

IF Bigelow had known the chief as well as he might have done, had he been in daily contact with the man, he would have been put on his guard by this long and rather conciliating speech; long indeed for a man whose natural form of expression is described by the word abrupt, and strangely conciliating for one who never conciliated anybody without having a distinct reason for doing so. But it seemed quite the proper thing to say, under the circumstances, and, according to George Bigelow's estimate of "coppers" in general and police officials in particular, the amount of reward should be of infinitely more importance to the chief than the mere clearing up of a mystery. He blundered directly into the trap which a more astute man would have seen, and shied from.

"I will know how to find the money when it is up to me to pay it," he said.

"How will you find it? You haven't it yourself. I have a power of attorney; it is the same thing, practically."

"Oh! I see. Do I understand that you are now empowered to draw against the bank account of your brother? Have you filed a copy of your power of attorney with his bankers, and have they accepted it?"

"They have accepted it all right."

"How is that? Tell me about it. The opinion of a shrewd banker would go far toward convincing me. I'll tell you quite frankly, Bigelow, that I know something about the existing relations between you and your brother, and also something about how your father regarded you—in relation to money matters. I confess that I do not understand how your brother could have been prevailed upon to put a power of attorney into your hands; especially one which would empower you to draw against his bank account. And it occurs to me that the officials of a bank, where your brother did business, would be rather slow to accept your authority, unless they had pretty good proof that your brother did really intend that you should exercise it."

"Look here, chief, I can see that you don't like me, and I don't care a damn whether you do or not; but you do like the sound of the reward I offer. All you care to know is that you'll finger the dough in case you find my brother Al. Well, I'll go from here to the bank, if you desire it, and deposit there a certified check for the amount of the reward, payable to you when my brother is

found, or when you have given me proof that he is dead. Now, you can take the case, or leave it, according to those terms."

"Oh, I'll take it fast enough, Bigelow."

"I thought so. I won't conceal from you that I'd as soon you find his dead body as his living one, either."

"I quite believe you. Will you tell me how he happened to give you the power of—"

"No; I won't. It's none of your business, as I view it. Now, if you have got all the information you want, I'll leave you. I didn't expect that you would feel like exerting yourself particularly about a mere disappearance; but now that there is a reward in sight, possibly you'll be interested."

WHEN he was gone the chief touched a button which brought the inspector to him; but even after that official entered the room the chief sat for a long time silent and motionless. When he did speak, it was with his usual abruptness.

"It's a murder, Mac. George Bigelow has done away with his brother. He has the assurance of knowing that his brother is dead. He wears the arrogance of knowledge—and he has got what he considers a perfectly good reason for believing that we can't bring the crime home to him. The fellow would have increased the amount of the reward, in case of finding a dead body, if such a thing would not have had the appearance of paying a premium for murder. But we won't bother our heads about George Bigelow's personal character, just now. Has Savarin started for Winepauk?"

"Yes."

"Wire him to give his attention only to the search for the lost car. Then assign one of your men to find out where Alfred Bigelow kept his bank account. If he had more than one account, let's know it. When you have the information, I want you to go, in person, to see the bank officials and find out from them just what method was followed in their acceptance, under a power of attorney, of George Bigelow's right to draw against his brother's account."

"There is only one account, chief, and I know where it is. Bigelow told me. I can have the information for you in an hour."

"So much the better. Bring it to me the minute you have it. Put two more of the men on that automobile—at this end of the route. You know the make? Well, wire the factory to send one of their expert machinists to you. Assign two men to shadow George Bigelow. I want to know every time he moves, and what move he happens to make. Is Sheridan in the office? All right, then. Let him dig up the past of Alfred. That disappearing habit of his might have been a new thing. George says this is the third time; we thought it was the second. Now, another thing. Tell your men to notify you if George Bigelow starts off anywhere on a trip that will be likely to keep him away from the house for a few hours. I want to see the inside of that house, myself. You and I will go there together if the opportunity offers—possibly we will go anyhow, a little later. There is another thing that I want, too. Telephone to the station house of that precinct—where the Bigelow house is—and have the officer on that beat instructed to be near the house at 4 o'clock this afternoon; then, at 4 o'clock telephone directly to the house itself and ask for the valet—you have his name, I suppose."

"I have the name of Alfred's valet."

"Well, that's the fellow I want, but I don't wish him to know I want him. He must be told something over the phone which will bring him out of the house at once—as far as the sidewalk, anyhow. Have one of your men there, to get into a row with the valet, so that the officer on the beat will arrest both of them. I'll be at the station house when the valet is taken there. Let Coyle do the scrapping act, if he's not out; and tell him to look up the chauffeur, as soon as he's through with the valet. He can bring the chauffeur here. I want a chat with him, too. That's all, for the present. No; there is just one thing more. While you are at the bank, borrow two paid and cancelled checks that were signed by Alfred Bigelow; one of recent date, and one as old as they may have in their possession; also get one that is known to have been signed by George Bigelow, under his attorneyship—and anything else that interests you. That's all, inspector."

AT ten minutes past 4 o'clock that afternoon the chief walked into the station house of the precinct in which the Bigelow home was located and he was behind the desk with the lieutenant when Sheridan and the valet were brought before it by the officer on that beat. There was no intention of holding the valet, of course, and when the questions asked the man had elicited the fact that he was employed by the Bigelow family, the chief stepped from behind the desk and called the man into the captain's private office, where he closed "I am the chief of police," he told the valet. "I was thinking of sending for you to come to me at

(Continued on page 14)

*If the reader will review carefully these instructions to the inspector, the grasp of detail evinced by the chief will be better appreciated; also, the lines upon which he had decided to work out the case will be understood.

The Nation's Pawn

By Roy Norton

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE TWELVE)

man was waiting in the hallway.

"Take him into the library," Lester said, and stopped to fill his pocket with cigars. He also took pains to slip a pistol into his pocket, smiling scornfully at the precaution as he did so. As he entered the library he was met by a clean-shaven man, who carelessly displayed his badge as he came forward, although its evidence would have been unnecessary, as no one could have passed the sentry in front without an official pass.

"Did you get Mr. Holbrook?" the President-elect asked.

"Yes, he is waiting in the machine, which is around the corner," the secret service guard answered. "I thought it best to stop in the shadows, because one cannot exercise too much caution in times like these, and, if a crank were lurking around, he might take a chance on any automobile that stopped before your gate this evening. He would scarcely expect a person of your importance to go anywhere on foot tonight. So, we take precautions."

He laughed as though the idea of a crank were hardly to be worried over. Lester got his overcoat from the den, and they passed out. The sentry was steadily pacing to and fro before the gate, and saluted them as they passed.

"Wonder where they're going now," he said, as they turned the corner. "He's a fool to go running around the streets this way; but they say Lincoln did the same thing during the war, and I guess he's no bigger than Lincoln was." With that, he shrugged his shoulders and resumed his march, wishing that the time on duty were over and the hour of relief at hand.

MIDWAY in the block around the corner stood the big closed electric automobile which the President used for his own needs. As they approached, a heavily built man started from it, and toward them, as if to halt and challenge them. "It's us, Williams," the President's messenger said, and the man lifted his hat and advanced to the door, which he opened.

"Good evening, Mr. Holbrook," the vice president said sleepily from the shadows within. He fumbled for a switch, which threw on a light inside, revealing himself in its glare as a man having the appearance of one who had but lately vacated his bed.

"Pardon me, Mr. Holbrook," said the guard, who had followed inside and seated himself. "I'm sorry you discovered from where I flashed the light before. It is better that we leave it turned off, although I have the curtains drawn. My charges are of too much importance to take chances," he concluded apologetically, as he switched off the incandescent. They heard the guard and the chauffeur mount outside, the machine sprang forward, and they were whiled noiselessly away. So smooth and silent was their progress that they could have but little idea of their speed. They came to a sudden easy halt, heard the outer guard dismount and speak to someone, whom they presumed to be one of the soldiers on duty before the Presidential residence. Then, as suddenly as they had stopped, the doors on both sides were thrown open, and the guard at Lester's side threw one arm around him, completely pinning him, and put an unoccupied hand over his mouth.

The President-elect started to struggle, but he had barely made a move when the man holding him was reinforced by another equally powerful, while from the other side came the sounds of another fierce struggle, where the Vice President-elect was being subdued. The very voicelessness of the combat rendered it more terrifying, for there was no sound whatever beyond the mad rustle of straining muscles and garments. It was of short duration. In a few seconds, both Lester and Holbrook found themselves pinned in the roadway with the enveloping folds of silken scarfs muffling their mouths effectively. Finally they ceased to struggle and looked around, discovering that

they were on the old Long Bridge, a mile away from the White House. They were forced to the edge of the bridge, where they began struggling again, apprehending that they were to be hurled, bound, helpless and unable to make an outcry, into the waters which lapped but a few feet below.

"Be quiet!" a voice whispered menacingly in their ears. "We don't want to hurt you, but will if we have to. Be quiet!"

Lester continued to resist, and another man came to the assistance of those who were holding him. He was lifted bodily over the edge, lowered away into the grasp of other waiting men, who handled him less tenderly and threw him into the bottom of a boat which had been waiting in the shadows of the abutment.

"Lie still there, you murderin' scott!" a voice with an Irish turn muttered; "or I'll save yer keepers the trouble of ex-por-tin' ye to the place where ye should have stayed."

LESTER stopped struggling, convinced by the last words that the men in the boat were not aware of his identity. He looked up and saw that the automobile had already hurried away, having lost no time when its burden was discharged. Holbrook was beside him now, and the fetitious guards came, also, one after the other. There was no light aboard the craft, which was being softly worked out into the current with oars. It gained headway after it cleared the bridge, but it took a long time to work it to a safe distance. Both Lester and Holbrook were fearfully cramped in their bonds. One of the men between them loosened the fastenings around their legs. Another boat passed them, traveling closer to the shore, and the voices of the men in it came clear and distinct. Once they appeared to have lost their direction in the blackness of the night, and approached so close to a moored tugboat that they could hear slowly-escaping steam from its open boiler room doors. The flashing lights of another boat caused them to pull into the bank.

"Patrol," they heard someone whisper. They were tempted to kick out with their feet, but no opportunity was given them until the chance of rescue had passed. They resumed their slow journey until they were out where all danger of observation was past, and then their craft woke into new life. The oars were pulled in, a man threw levers, opened throttles, and the boat proved to be a powerfully-motored speed launch, that hummed, throbbed and tore away over the Potomac like a frightened thing, newly released. It was now speeding toward Chesapeake bay. Great waves rose up on either side of its bows; flicks of spray from time to time cut back across them. One of the guards slipped oil-coats over their shoulders as the race against time and distance went on. They wondered where it would end, and how.

The prisoners had gone through successive stages of indignation, fury, determination to escape, fear and hopelessness. Now, by reason of the chill of the night, the coldness of the breezes that swept across the surface of the waters and the sense of powerlessness, they were sunk in physical apathy and mental torture. That they were being resistlessly carried away to prevent their appearing for the inauguration ceremony was evident. That their captors could be relentless on occasion had been shown already by the actions of the abductors when the mask of delusion had been abandoned at the bridge. The President-elect was terrified when he thought of the certain consequences of his absence, but he found a very meager consolation in the thought that any other sane man would have acted as he had, and that he had neglected no precaution for his own safety. The plan had been too adroit thus far to cause doubt in the mind of any man placed in similar position. His party would have sufficient confidence in him to know that no paltry fear or physical cowardice had led him to flight on the

eve of possible battle, and there was, besides, a chance that he would be overtaken as soon as his absence was discovered. There came the conclusion that some hours might elapse before anyone would become aware of his unexplained absence. The only feature that caused overwhelming amazement was that of the intimate knowledge which his abductors must have possessed of conditions which he had met and which surrounded him. It was possible that chance alone had led them to adopt the method the President used when he wished an interview beyond the pale of ordinary conditions.

THE skies above were slightly clearer now, and here and there the stars were showing. Lester's eyes, grown accustomed to the darkness and straining for anything which would give him information, picked out the figure of the man who had appeared as an outside secret service guard and had ridden on the seat of the motor car beside its driver. He leaned forward. The guard beside him moved restlessly. There was something strangely familiar in the figure, and he wished the man would speak. He distinctly remembered that, throughout the trying times of the night, this man had said nothing whatever. Finally, he abandoned the effort toward possible recognition. The launch was still forging ahead. It slowed down as a man in the bow made a signal, and appeared to be groping its way. He could see in the dim light that the pilot was now staring here and there in the half-darkness, and he found himself involuntarily turning his head to see anything which the other might deservy.

There was another signal to go ahead and a grunt of satisfaction. It was apparent that the men at the wheel could see farther across the waters than he, and the conclusion was easy that the other had served long watches in wide wastes with nothing save intuition and the stars to guide. In a few minutes more he made out the silent loom of a hull, saw it come up in the night until it was distinct, and then heard the man at the bow give a hail. It was answered from the ghostly thing which lay there in wait. The answer seemed satisfactory, for the launch again crept forward, around the stern and up against a gangway, whose lower steps were bathed in the tiny waves. It took no seaman's lore to know that they were about to be taken aboard a private yacht of sea-going build, and his heart sank as he realized that he and his fellow might be taken away and out of the world as effectually as if they had been destroyed; that he, Morgan Lester, President-elect of the United States, could be kept out on the broad oceans of the globe as effectively as though he were that desperate wretch in "The Man Without a Country," to be held there, if need be, until his very name was forgotten and his own daughter, desolate and despairing, mourned him as one dead. It was the time of greatest despair, and he made no resistance when they half-forced, half-assisted him up to the deck and led him away below.

BEHIND him came the faltering footsteps of the Vice President-elect, who walked stiffly as though he had been strained in the fight of resistance or had become cramped during the long hours in the launch which had brought them hither. Before they had passed from above, they heard quick, snappy commands, the patter of feet, the soft slipping of blocks, and knew that the launch was being hoisted aboard, while at the same time the anchor was being brought up from forward in preparation for a continuance of their flight.

The men who had been conducting them threw open a stateroom, which was the extreme of luxury, beauty and warmth, a contrast so keen after the cold, desperate hours they had undergone that they drew sharp breaths. After they had been searched for arms, both were unbound, and the folds of the scarfs, which had become wet, uncomfortable and clammy, were untwisted.

"Gentlemen," came a voice from behind them, "I am sorry we had to treat you so roughly, but there was no other way out of it that I could see, and I'm just doin' the same as you—foilerin' orders the best I know how."

Both turned quickly, and Lester gave a start and his eyes opened in a look of fierce recognition.

"So it is you, Judge Reilly?" he exclaimed. "You are the man who is at the bottom of this outrage! You are the man who was on the motor car!"

"Yes, Mr. Lester, I'm the man."

The President-elect had been chafing his cramped hands to restore circulation, but now it was as if his anger had done more to bring his tired muscles and nerves back to normal than any other efforts he might make. He walked toward Reilly with his fists clenched, as if meditating an attack. But the latter held up a restraining hand, and his eyes were commanding.

"Just go a mile slow, Mr. Lester, if you don't want to have more personal trouble than you've bumped into in some time past. If you'll cool down a bit and do some thinking, I reckon you'll come to the conclusion there ain't much you can do to help yourself. You ought to know that much by this time. Listen!" he said. "Feel that? She's under way, and if you get loose all you could do would be to jump overboard and drown."

LESTER glared at the judge for a moment, and set his teeth hard in impotent fury. There was an instant's wait, during which he recovered his dignity in a measure; then he walked over to a chair and dropped into it. Holbrook did likewise; the Vice President appeared of a more philosophical poise than his fellow-sufferer.

"I suppose you know you are certain to be punished for this?" Lester asked Reilly. "You are certain to be apprehended sooner or later, no matter what becomes of us. The consequences can be hardly less grave than as though you had committed treason."

"Yes, I know all about that," the judge responded, drily. "You don't suppose I was just hatched, or am altogether a fool, do you?"

"But what do you intend to do? What freak of madness is this, anyway—or are you a mere tool for the Liberal party? I couldn't have thought it possible for them to stoop to such an underhanded, scurvy way of gaining a point as this!"

Reilly walked over until he stood between the two men, and his face had become set into its customary mold of harshness.

"I'm not here for the Liberals," he answered, "and from what I've seen of 'em I don't think they would try this kind of a game. And I ain't here to bandy words or give explanations. I'm takin' you to meet a man that's bigger than you or your party in my estimation—so big that all men look alike to him except what they're worth personally. So big that—well, I've got nothin' more to say to you than this! You can't help yourselves from goin' where he told me to bring you, and you'll go there! I ain't much of a man to make threats. I guess you've heard that before. I like you and would rather jump overboard than to have any harm come to you; but go you will if you have to be killed to get you there!"

Lester and Holbrook, leaning forward in their chairs, studied his face and eyes for a long moment, and knew that his words would be made good, that in submission was their best, indeed their only hope. Reilly turned away and pulled the door closed after him, and they were left alone with the athletic man, who had impersonated the Presidential messenger and now stood quietly on guard. The swish of rapidly parting waves, the sense of swift movement and the trembling vibrations of the woodwork told them that they were going at full speed down the long reaches of Chesapeake bay and out toward the trackless sea.

(Continued Next Week)

The Bigelow Murder Mystery

By Frederic v. R. Dey

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE FOUR)

headquarters, but this will do as well, since I happened to be here, just now. Mr. George Bigelow has reported the disappearance, eight days ago, of his brother, by whom you were directly employed; although I suppose you really served both men, eh?"

"Yes, sir; to some extent," was the reply.

"How long have you been in their service?"

"One year."

"The two men are—or were—very much alike, I am told."

"Very much alike, indeed, sir. In some ways the—er—similarity between them was startling; in other things, they were not at all alike."

"I notice that you differentiate between the words likeness and similarity. Why? When the two were together, was the likeness noticeable?"

"I have never seen them together, sir; never once since I have been employed in that house. They avoided each other. When one was in the house, the other kept to his own rooms, or went away somewhere. Whenever it was necessary

that they should see each other, a third person was never permitted to be present."

"Who had the job of valet before you got it? Do you know?"

"Yes, sir; my cousin. He was discharged without reason, and he sent me to get the place. He always liked Mr. Alfred; but I don't, sir, although perhaps I should not mention the fact. My cousin could never understand my dislike for Mr. Alfred, and insists that he must have changed greatly."

"What other servants are in the house?"

"Two besides myself sir—and the chauffeur. They all entered the service at the same time I did; that is, we were all engaged within a week of one another."

"Do you think that your master committed suicide?"

"I don't know what to think, sir. He often threatened to kill himself; but he never gave a reason for the threat, save that he was tired of living. The other servants will tell you the same thing, sir. I used to think he was not quite right in his mind. He had a habit of

locking himself in his rooms at times, when he would not permit even me to go to him; nor would he reply to a summons at his door. I used to think, then, that possibly he had made good his threats of suicide, and I mentioned the idea to Mr. George quite frequently; but Mr. George never seemed to care. The rooms would reek with the smell of liquor at such times, when I was permitted to enter it. I am leaving there, sir. I gave notice yesterday, and Mr. George told me to go and he damned! begging your pardon. Mr. Alfred has drunk a great deal more whisky since I have been in his employ than he did when my cousin was there. He used to have a bad, hacking cough, too, which I have never noticed. Possibly the liquor has cured it; but in many other ways he must be very different now, if he is alive, than he was when my cousin was there. I have no doubt that the liquor habit would account for it all, however."

The chief walked back to headquarters. He found that Coyle had already taken the chauffeur there. He asked the man just one question, and gave him one or

der before he dismissed him. The question, its answer, and the order were: "Do you know the man who held down your present job before you got it?"

"Yes, sir; I do. I know him well, by sight."

"Go and find him. Bring him here to me before you do anything else, even if you lose your job in doing it. I'll get you another one, if you do." When the chauffeur had gone, the chief turned to the inspector who had entered the room directly behind the chief. "Well, Mac, you look as if you knew something. What is it?"

Herick has just telephoned that George Bigelow is playing billiards at Slosson's, and is good for two hours, at least. It's a good time to go to the house, isn't it? I've got a car outside, ready for you."

"Yes, We'll go there, now." Then, when they were seated together in the car: "What about the bank?"

"They didn't have a single voucher on hand. The book was written up only yesterday and there hasn't been a check in since. Just a year before this pres-

ent disappearance, one of the officials of the bank called upon Alfred Bigelow, by request, and was given directions about the brother signing checks. Alfred Bigelow was in bed, ill at the time; but sober. He mentioned a power of attorney, but did not show it. He gave orders that checks signed by George, using both their names, should be honored in the future, but asked the bank to notify him by mail each time it was done, stating the amount drawn. Later, George Bigelow appeared at the bank and recorded the signatures, as he intended to use them.

"That was done a year and eight days ago, eh? All right. Here we are." The valet admitted them to the house. At the request of the chief, he took them to the library and summoned the other servants, who were questioned closely along the lines talked by the valet, at the station house. Then the two officers visited the sleeping apartments of the brothers. Half an hour later they returned to headquarters.

"Nothing doing at the house, Mac; only the further evidence supplied by the servants that everything about this affair seems to date back one year. What about the automobile machinist?"

"It's a locomobile; made in Bridgeport. The man will be here at half past five. Sheridan has dug up Alfred's past without much difficulty. There was very little to dig up. He found the family physician—Doctor Green, in Twenty-first street—who attended the father, and Alfred also, until a year ago. He was discharged then. There was nothing the matter with Alfred save that he has been asthmatic. He has always been afflicted with an asthmatic cough, but—"

"All right, inspector. When those two chauffeurs show up, put them through a line of questioning about the habits and physical condition of Alfred Bigelow as each one has known him. When the machinist arrives from Bridgeport, tell him that I want him to be able to identify the Bigelow car, when it is found. I want him to be able to identify the different parts of it, too, if that is possible. Let him use the long distance phone to communicate with the factory for any information he doesn't possess. Unless I'm greatly at fault, we are on the track of a crime that was committed a year ago, and the automobile is the key-stone of our case. What is it, Joe?"

"Detective Savarin is on the phone, sir."

FOUR days afterward, at the same hour in the afternoon, the door of the chief's private office opened to admit Coyle and Conway. George Bigelow, looking extremely angry, and also very ugly, was with them. It was plain that he was there against his will.

"What the h— does this mean?" he demanded. The instant he was across the threshold, "You'll have to pay for this, you—" He got no further than that in his tirade of abuse, for the policemen had received their instructions, and at a sign from the chief, Coyle seized Bigelow by the throat and choked off further utterance. While the slight struggle was going on, the inspector came into the room, followed by each of the detectives who had been assigned to various duties on the case. They arranged themselves in individual attitudes of expectancy; for long practice with their chief had taught them to know when he was about to wring a confession from a suspected man. This practice is popularly known as the "third degree," but it is rarely practiced twice in the same manner, for the reason that there are rarely two cases which call for the same methods. The chief, as soon as Bigelow had been properly subdued, turned toward his secretary.

"Read that fellow's story, Joe," he said. "Bigelow, we have found a person who knows all about you. You thought that nobody knew, but there was one who did. If you have any corrections to make in what you hear now, you can make them later; but if you interrupt the reading of this man's confession, Officer Coyle has instructions to hand you one on the jaw that will teach you the wisdom of keeping quiet when another has the floor. Go ahead, Joe."

(The following document, solemnly read aloud to that group of interested listeners of which George Bigelow was the center, had been dictated by the chief to his private secretary, for this occasion. The chief had not theorized at all in its preparation; he had only carried out certain facts that had been brought to his knowledge, to a consecutive and logical conclusion. Everything that the paper contained was built upon the axiom of cause and effect. Every fact used in the document was the product of the men on the inspector's staff. There was not one whit of romance, or imagination, in the paper, save in the name and the existence of the supposed deponent. He was a fictitious being, created for the occasion.)

"CITY and County, and State of New York, ss.

"Timothy Burke, being duly sworn, deposes and says: That he resides in the city of New York, and has resided in said city more than twenty-five years; that he knew Henry Bigelow, father of Alfred and George Bigelow, and sometimes performed certain acts of service for him which need not be specified here; that, as a consequence, he has known by sight, for many years, said Alfred and George Bigelow; that one of the services for which he was at times engaged by the father of said Alfred and George, was

to watch them, to spy upon them, and to report on their conduct, deportment and habits; that shortly after the demise of said Henry Bigelow, deponent left the country, and was absent therefrom for about three years; that upon returning, deponent roomed for a time at the East River hotel; that while at said East River hotel he encountered said Alfred Bigelow in the bar room thereof, and frequently drank with him over the bar. That, thereafter, for a considerable time, deponent was again absent from the country, but returned to it one year ago the twelfth day of July last. That on that day, or the one following it, he again encountered, as he supposed at the time, said Alfred Bigelow, on the street, and addressed said Bigelow; but that said Alfred Bigelow, as he then supposed the man to be, refused to recognize deponent and then and there treated this deponent with contempt and contempt. Whereupon, said deponent being outraged and indignant because of the refusal of recognition on the part of said supposed Alfred Bigelow as aforesaid, followed said Bigelow, and watched him, and spied upon him; and said deponent continued to follow, watch and spy upon said Bigelow, at intervals thereafter, and whenever the opportunity offered, until eleven days before the making of this deposition; and that the reasons why said deponent has not followed, watched and spied upon said Bigelow since said date of eleven days ago, are hereinafter set forth. Deponent further states that a further object he had for following, watching and spying upon said Bigelow, after the contemptuous treatment as aforesaid, was that he, said deponent, might personally profit thereby.

"Deponent further states, on oath, that on the twelfth day of July, last past, he was at the village of Westport, Connecticut, having walked to said place from South Norwalk, in said state; that while there he saw said Bigelow, as he then supposed him to be, in an automobile, on the main street of said village; that said Bigelow was accompanied only by one other person, who drove the automobile; that said automobile was brought to a stop at the curb near where deponent was standing at the time; that said person left the automobile and boarded a passing trolley car bound toward South Norwalk; that said Bigelow changed his seat to the one under the steering wheel; that deponent thereupon glided forward and contrived by the exercise of great skill to climb into the tonneau of said automobile, unnoticed by said Bigelow; that soon thereafter the automobile started forward at a rapid speed, with said Bigelow driving, and with this deponent concealed in the tonneau thereof; that for more than an hour thereafter the car continued an uninterrupted journey; that when it came to a stop, deponent looked about him for the first time, discovering that said car had been brought to a stop within an outbuilding of a deserted farm, the buildings of which were in fairly good repair, notwithstanding. Deponent further says that, then, said Bigelow got down from the car and left it where it was, closing the door of said building and locking the same with a key in his possession, thereby causing said deponent some difficulty in extricating himself from the place. That when said deponent was again outside the outbuilding as aforesaid, said Bigelow was already some distance down the road and walking rapidly; that deponent followed; that after walking a short distance, said Bigelow boarded a trolley car, in which he rode to a station of the N. Y. N. H. & H. railroad that bore the sign Westport & Sangatuck, where he leaped upon the rear platform of a departing train, which deponent was unable to get upon. That deponent thereupon returned to the place where the automobile had been abandoned, and waited there two days, when, to the amazement of this deponent, George Bigelow, younger son of Henry Bigelow, and Alfred's brother, came there with another car; that said Bigelow immediately began to demolish the car that had been previously abandoned by the supposed Alfred Bigelow; that said George Bigelow utterly dismembered said car of his brother Alfred, until nothing was left of it but a heap of iron and steel parts, which were stored away, out of sight, in the tonneau of the waiting car, and that George Bigelow then made a fire in a ravine back of the buildings, where he burned to ashes every destructible part of said demolished automobile. That thereafter, said George Bigelow rode away in his own car, taking with him all and separate, the parts of the demolished automobile which he had previously burned or otherwise destroyed beyond recognition; and deponent was unable to pursue, save by walking. But deponent did follow the tracks of said George Bigelow's automobile, on foot, and at various places along frequented roads, through the towns of Westport, Weston, and others, this deponent found where parts of the dismembered automobile had been thrown away, buried, or otherwise concealed from view and search. Deponent further states, on oath, that he now knows that the man whom he has been watching, following and spying upon during the past year was never at any time the person of Alfred Bigelow, but was at all times the person of George Bigelow, disguised to represent his brother Alfred. Deponent further states that he returned later to the abandoned farm house, and searched the grounds thereabout, until he discovered, beneath the floor of the same old building where the automobile was dismembered, a rudely made grave, in which had been buried the body of a human being that had been previously partly destroyed by fire; but there were fragments

of clothing remaining, which indicated that said body had, in life, belonged to a man.

"And this deponent further states, on information and belief, that the said body as aforesaid was all that remained of said Alfred Bigelow.

"Sworn to and signed before me this 24th day of July, 19—

"Notary Public and Comm'r of Deeds for all the States."

SPACE has not been given here to the frequent interruptions on the part of George Bigelow while he listened to the arraignment incorporated in the affidavit of that entirely fictitious personage, Timothy Burke. Dramatic effect might have been made greater by so doing, but the chief dislikes dramatic effect, save only where it is used in administering the "Third Degree." It was Savarin who traced the automobile to the deserted farm house near Westport, and, aided by two others of the men, discovered, one by one, the links in the chain of evidence which made the fictitious affidavit possible. Many of the parts of the automobile never were found; some of them were discovered in ravines, or in the woods, or buried near the road; some were in junk shops in New York; the expert machinist identified all of them. The charred remains of the body of Alfred Bigelow could not be entirely identified, but George Bigelow's confession, induced by the reading of the affidavit, rendered that unnecessary.

George Bigelow had catered to and abetted his brother's voice; he had taken a five years' lease of the abandoned farm; he murdered his brother at their home, and having propped the body in an automobile, conveyed it to the farm for the purposes described. Then, for an entire year, he impersonated that dead brother, whenever occasion demanded it. He discharged the old servants and retained new ones; he gave the appearance of more frequent debauches; he magnified the moroseness and despondency of the brother; he barred the servants from the room of Alfred, whenever it was necessary to appear in his own person, and those servants supposed that Alfred was there, drunk, all the time; he impersonated his brother at the time when the bank official called there about the signing of checks. But it all became irksome, and he resolved to rid himself of the incubus entirely. Having waited a year, he supposed himself safe, but in his plotting and planning, he blundered too well. The fatal error was in attempting to dispose of the automobile; he realized it when it was too late to rectify the mistake. A semi-fatal error was in applying to the police; but he reasoned that it was the only correct course in order to establish himself firmly in possession of his brother's millions.

The chief insists that it was not his own sagacity, but the methodical machinery of his department, which unveiled the mystery.

Radium is to Be Cheaper

ACCORDING to scientists who have recently made a new discovery, that mysterious element, radium, is to be put on the market at a lot cheaper. In view of the fact that the price until now has been something like several hundreds of thousands of dollars an ounce, this is interesting news. Radium is perhaps the rarest and most expensive known substance. Experimenters have had to be content to deal with minute grains thereof, instead of bulky quantities—a few years ago there was not more than two pounds available—a scarcity of which was not altogether unfortunate when the tremendous, almost terrible, force of radium is considered.

But this discovery of a new source of supply of radium will reduce its cost at least a half, and perhaps more. Instead of costing from \$60 to \$100 for a minute grain, the cost will be approximately from \$30 to \$50, or even less.

This new supply of this precious element is located in Portugal. Streams of quartz, containing more than 50 per cent of oxide of uranium, from which radium is taken, were discovered, and men who have examined it declare that the mineral, by reason of its great facility of treatment, ought to be at least three times superior to pitchblende for radium producing purposes.

The discovery was made in a curious way. Learning that remarkable health-giving properties were attributed to a particular stream, Thomas H. V. Bower, a member of the Institute of Mechanical Engineers, visited it. He followed its course, and on the top of a hill found it ran over the yellow crystal-crusted quartz which he analyzed as uranite phosphate.

5 cents worth of sugar makes \$2.00 worth of candy.

\$98 One Day Profit
Another man writes, "I clear from \$100 to \$200 a week, never less."

Our new Candy Floss Machine complete ready to operate \$162. No experience or knowledge of candy making necessary. Will give full directions and show you how you can produce \$2 worth of Candy Floss every 8 minutes. Parks, fairs, carnivals and busy street corners, any place where men, women and children pass, is a money-making location. Our free catalog tells how to start a big money-making, healthful outdoor business—how to become independent for life. Ref. Monroe National Bank, Chicago. Schnadig Sales Agency, 605 Crilly Building, Chicago.

\$33 PROFIT IN ONE DAY
made by a man who earned \$1174 in 111 days. Ask for proof. FREE BOOK.
\$30 Automatic Photo Button Machine
Outfit includes 12 inch Wonder Canon Camera, 1000 photo plates, 1 gross gift frames, 2 sets developing powders. Everything necessary to start a rapid fire outdoor money making business. Camera takes, develops and finishes picture, ready to wear in 30 seconds. A big money maker at parks, carnivals, fairs and outdoor celebrations. Can be set up in 20 seconds ready to operate. No experience necessary. Easy to move with the crowd. Weight 4 lbs. Will ship upon deposit of \$5, balance C. O. D.
SCHNADIG SALES AGENCY
403 Crilly Block, Chicago.

The Woman Beautiful
15c the Copy Magazine \$1.00 Yearly
Devoted to the culture of Womanly Beauty. An up-to-date publication that appeals to every beautiful woman and every woman who seeks beauty.
Special Offer—FREE
One photograph art panel of America's typical WOMAN BEAUTIFUL (size 20x24) a greatly reduced illustration of which is shown in this advertisement. Send 25c (coin or stamps) for a three months trial subscription to the magazine and the beautiful art panel will be sent at once, securely packed in heavy mailing tube. Only a limited supply of these pictures—send to-day.
The Woman Beautiful Magazine, 317 Dearborn St., Chicago
"The one best Women's Magazine."—Live agents wanted

SUPERFLUOUS HAIR CURED.
A Lady Subscriber Will Send Free to Any Sufferer the Secret Which Cured Her.
One of our lady subscribers asks us to announce that she will tell free to any reader of this magazine how to secure permanent relief from all traces of superfluous hair by the same means that cured her, after every other known remedy had failed. She states that the means used is harmless, simple and painless, and makes the electric needle entirely unnecessary. She will send, entirely free, full particulars to enable any other sufferer to achieve the same happy results, privately at home. All she asks is a 2-cent stamp for reply. Address, Mrs. Caroline Osgood, 266 E. Vaughan Bldg., Providence, R. I.

\$10 a Day Sure Profit
Manufacturing and Selling our
Ice Cream Cones
Send For Free Catalogue
Our \$30 Ice Cream Cone Oven and Outfits will start you in the newest and biggest outdoor money-making business.
With our outfit you can make 270 Ice Cream Cones every hour at a cost of less than 1c each. Men, women and children gladly buy this delicious confection at 5c each.
Our customers are making from \$10 to \$30 a day selling Ice Cream Cones. Just the thing for parks, fairs, carnivals, celebrations and busy corners. Complete instructions and plenty of advertising matter with every outfit. Send us your order today and \$10 deposit and we will ship complete outfit C. O. D. for the balance.
Schnadig Sales Agency, 605 Crilly Bldg., Chicago

FOLDING BATH TUB
Weight 16 Pounds. Costs little. Requires no hot water. Write for special offer. N. Y. B. Bath Mfg. Co., 103 Chambers St., N. Y. City.

YOUR BOY
can have more real healthful sport if he has one of our 7x9 WALL TEXTS made of striped or white canvas all complete for \$7.35. Order shipped same day as received. Send post office or express money order. Send 10c for "Complete Camper's Manual." Omaha Tent & Awning Co., 1102-S Harney St., Omaha, Neb. Reference: Duns, Bradstreets, or any Omaha Bank.

ECZEMA CAN BE CURED!
My mild, soothing, guaranteed cure does it and FREE SAMPLE proves it. Stops the itching and cures to stay. WRITE NOW—today, or you'll forget it. Address DR. J. E. CANNADAY, 803 PARK SQUARE, SEDALIA, MO.

TIZ—FOR TENDER FEET
A new scientific medical toilet tablet which Draws Out All Inflammation and Soreness
This remarkable foot bath remedy is SUPERIOR TO POWDER, PLASTER or SALVE and is guaranteed to cure Corns, Callouses, Bunions, Frostbites, Chilblains, Ingrowing Nails, Tired, Aching, Swollen, Nervous, Sweaty, Itchy, Smelling Feet. Smaller Shoes Can Be Worn by using TIZ, because it puts and keeps the foot in perfect condition.
25 Delightful Treatments, 25 cents. Send stamps or buy from your druggist. W. L. DODGE & CO., 48 Clark St., Dept. 17 Chicago

LEARN THE AUTOMOBILE TRADE
Get Dyke's COURSE, only \$10.00. Something new; best profession; good salary; big demand; send on approval
FREE THIS AUTO BUTTON AND INSTRUCTIVE PAMPHLET SEND FOR IT TODAY
Dyke's Correspondence School Motoring, 1107 Bank Commerce Building, St. Louis